

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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The Southern Enterprise,
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Original Poetry.

For the Southern Enterprise.

Days Agone.

BY OLA STA.

Oh! I was lone—the earth and sky
Were with rich joys and beauties fraught;
I passed them all with vacant eye,
For earth and heaven to me were naught—
My soul was tortured with—"Alone!"
In those unhappy days agone!

What cared I tho' the flowers were gay,
And song-birds cheered each shaded spot,
I longed for human sympathy,
And birds and flowers could give it not.
This was to me a world of moan
And life a load, in days agone.

When darkness veiled my spirit's sky,
When woes and cares began to press,
I knew not where to turn mine eye,
For mine was utter loneliness.
I bore what few could bear—and none
Could bear alone, in days agone!

Pale Pain sat monarch in my breast,
And o'er my soul her shadow threw,
A Memory was her mournful guest,
A Grief her friend. Ah! well I knew
What was it was to be alone,
In sorrow-haunted days agone!

But lo! upon my pathway gleamed
A face of beauty proud and free,
Soft smiles upon me gently beamed,
And there was rapture e'en for me!
I could not bear to be alone,
So loved this face in days agone!

I met an eye whose depths were lit
With holy love and lovely thought,
I saw o'er fairest features flit
A light from sinless angels caught.
I heard a voice—its rapturous tone
Thrilled thro' my soul in days agone!

What was this being like? A star
Hung in the glittering dome of night,
Gazed on by mortals from afar
With awe, and wonder, and delight!
A sunbeam o'er the darkness thrown,
My beacon thro' the days agone!

After I met that gentle eye,
And gazed upon that brow of snow—
And heard that witching melody
Of that sweet voice so soft and low—
I felt no longer left and lone,
And life had charms in days agone!

Broken was sorrow's long, long dream,
I shook the darkness from my soul,
I felt the glow of Pleasure's beam—
Love held me in a sweet control:
A face, a smile, a glance, a tone,
Wed me to life in days agone!

Greenville, Aug. 22, 1854.

An Amusing Sketch.

The Widow Fitz Allen.

BY OSCAR DUMAS.

Some months since I chanced to be riding
in a chaise on the road from N., a shire town,
of some importance. This mode of travelling
I always adopt whenever practicable. It was
far better, to my taste, than to be whirled
through the country pent up in a close car,
at a rate which precludes enjoyment of sight-
seeing. In addition to this, a railroad is generally
located in the most unattractive portion
of these towns through which it passes.

For these reasons, unless particularly hur-
ried, I usually eschew railroad cars and cling
to the old fashion methods of travelling.
So much by the way of introduction and
explanation.

The scenery on either side of the road over
which I was passing being of a very attrac-
tive character, I checked my horse to a walk.
In front of us at some little distance I per-
ceived a woman respectably dressed, who
was walking slowly along and turning an oc-
casional glance back upon me as if she had
something to say.

She gradually slackened her pace as I ap-
proached, and when fairly within hearing, in-
quired whether I had any objection to take
her in the chaise with me.

Being naturally gallant, I could not do
otherwise than comply with the request from
such a source. Of course I informed her that
nothing would afford me greater satisfaction

In a trice I was rolling over the highway with
an unknown lady by my side.

I had an opportunity to scan her features,
which I did furtively.

She was what would be called rather pret-
ty, neatly but richly dressed, while from her
neck suspended by a guard, hung a gold
watch. She took it out once to learn the time
which gave me an opportunity to remark that
it was of very costly workmanship.

"You must think," said she, after a pause
"that I have made rather a singular request
of a gentleman with whom I am totally un-
acquainted."

"Not in the least, Madam," said I politely.
"Nevertheless I feel bound to give some ex-
planation of this step in my own justification.
My name is Mrs. Fitz Allen."

"An aristocratic name thought I. I wonder
whether she's a widow?"

"I am somewhat of an invalid, in conse-
quence, as my physician tells me, of my talk-
ing too little exercise. He has therefore di-
rected me to walk three hours through the
day."

In conformity with his direction I set out
this morning with the design of walking to
M., but found after a while that I had
miscalculated my strength, and resolved to
throw myself upon the generosity and kind-
ness of the first passer whom I thought I could
confide in. I am sure from your appearance,
sir, that I am not mistaken judging you to be
of good character."

I felt exceedingly flattered at what I right-
ly judged to be intended as a compliment,
and began to esteem myself in luck at having
encountered the fair lady who had placed
herself under my protection.

We kept up an animated conversation,
which however, was now and then inter-
rupted by Mrs. Fitz Allen bending forward
and looking back over the side of the chaise.

Supposing that she was desirous of seeing
more of the country than could be observed
from a covered carriage, I offered to let down
the chaise top, but she remonstrated so ear-
nestly against this proceeding, that I was fain
to let things remain as they were.

Meanwhile I had become more and more
pleased with my companion, and began to
consider myself earnestly whether she was like-
ly to be a widow.

For the purpose of ascertaining this I re-
sorted to a very ingenious fabrication as fol-
lows.

"It would be singular," remarked I, care-
lessly, if it should chance that your husband
and I are old acquaintances. I used to know
a Mr. Henry Fitz Allen who was, if I remem-
ber rightly, a-a-a lawyer."

"No, I don't think it could have been the
one. My husband died some years since.
Beside his name was Robert, and he was a
merchant."

"I had gained the information, I desired,
I need not say that Mr. Henry Fitz Allen,
the lawyer, whom I had mentioned, was
quite an apocryphal personage.

I began to consider whether it would not
be worth while to follow up the acquaintance,
when the widow afterwards inquired, with
visible agitation, whether I wouldn't drive a
little faster.

To this I had not the least objection. I
therefore laid on the whip, and the horses
bounded forward at a rapid pace.

"I like to ride fast," said my companion,
in explanation of her request, "it is so ex-
citing. I think there is no enjoyment like
that of riding rapidly."

"I agree with you perfectly," said I, "it is
a favorite recreation of mine."
The sound of wheels are heard behind us.
"Couldn't you drive a little faster?" asked
Mrs. Fitz Allen.

I was about to apply the whip once more
when I heard a shout to stop from behind.
"No, do not stop," said my companion.
"He don't want anything with you."

I was puzzled, and was about to follow
her advice, when the words were repeated in
a more authoritative tone.
"Stop! I command you in the name of
the law!"

The instant afterwards a constable drove
up.
"What do you want with me?" I asked
in astonishment.

"Nothing with you. But I have something
to do with Mrs. Saunders, who is with you."
"I know nothing of Mrs. Saunders," said
I. This lady is Mrs. Fitz Allen, and is un-
der my protection."

"Mrs. Fitz Allen!" retorted the constable
bursting into a loud laugh. "Well, she was
Mrs. Saunders only this morning. However,
whatever her name is, she must come with
me."

"With you—what for?" asked I, bewildered.
"On a charge of stealing a gold watch, and
a dozen silver spoons. Just hand 'em over."
With a great deal of reluctance the lady
took off the watch and drew out of her pocket
a dozen silver spoons, and consigned them
with herself to the charge of the constable.

Advising me to beware of keeping bad
company, he drove off, and I haven't seen the
fascinating widow since. I was told, how-
ever, that she was sentenced to six months
confinement. I am still a bachelor.

How short is human life! The very
breath which frames my words, accelerates
my death.—*Hannah More.*

Miscellaneous Reading.

We all do Fade as a Leaf.

Speak to that old man as he goes bending
downwards upon his staff; 'Father! why so
unsteady thy gait? Why this staff to sup-
port thy tottering frame? And his answer,
will be, 'son, I once trod the earth with a step
that was elastic, with the buoyancy of youth,
and steady in the strength of manhood. This
old mortality was once erect, and this with-
ered heart was joyous in the prospect of hap-
piness that opened upon my hopeful vision.
But years of toil and sorrow have passed over
me, the energy of life has become enfeebled,
the shadow of the dark valley is gather-
ing about me. I am passing away.'

Look upon the face of that infant, sleeping
in death's cold embrace; that impregnation
of innocence, beautiful even in the paleness
that tells of coming corruption, and ask,
'what means this stillness? Where is the
life that yesterday dawned in those windows
of the soul? and where have gone the child-
ish prattle and the happy smile, which gladden-
ed the hearts of those whose lives were
almost bound up in its existence? And
there comes an answer from the tears of
grieved affection,—'It has passed away.'

Behold that gay band of pleasure's child-
ren as they revel in the intoxication of earth-
ly bliss! How gracefully their limbs move to
the sound of the viol and the harp! How
merrily rings the laugh, and how brightly
flashes the eyes that meet! Listen to the
strains of that music, shedding a bewitching
influence that brings a spell upon the soul!
Can dull care ever enter that charmed circle?
Can sorrow ever dry up those fountains
where now issues joyous delight? Come and
look again where time and change have done
their work. The sounds of revelry have ceased;
the brilliant lights and the glittering jew-
els are gone, and the stillness which broods
over yonder quiet earth mounds, says 'they
have passed away.' And will it ever be so!

Will the 'trail of the serpent' be always found
amongst the flowers that bloom in the gar-
den of human happiness! Will there never
come an end to the curse which has follow-
ed the eating of that fruit, whose mortal taste
brought death into our world, and all our
woe? Shall weeping and pain and death
have an eternal dominion? Hark! there
comes a voice from Heaven, sweet and clear
as the melody that rings from angels' harp
strings. 'And I saw a new heaven and a
new earth, for the first heaven and the first
earth were passed away, and there was no
more sin. And I, John saw the holy city,
New Jerusalem, coming down from God out
of Heaven prepared as a bride adorned for
her husband. And I heard a great voice out
of heaven, saying, the token made of God is
with men and he will dwell with them
and be their God. And God shall wipe away
all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no
more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nei-
ther shall there be any more pain, for the
former things are passed away.'

FAGINSUL.

Entry into Life.

A man entering into life ought accurately
to know three things. Firstly, where he is.
Secondly, where he is going. Thirdly, what
he had best do to under these circumstances.

First where he is—that is to say, what sort
of a world he has got into; how large it is;
what kind of creatures live in it, and how;
what it is made of, and what may be made
of it. Secondly, where he is going—that is
to say, what chances of reports there are of
any other world besides this, what seems to
be the nature of that other world, and whether
for information respecting it, he had better
consult the Bible, Koran, or Council of Trent.

Thirdly, what he had better do under these
circumstances—that is to say, what kind of
faculties he possesses; what are the present
state and wants of mankind; and what are the
readiest means in his power of attaining hap-
piness and diffusing it. The man who knows
these things and who has had his will so
subdued in the learning them, that is ready
to do what he knows he ought, we should
call educated and the man who knows them
not, is uneducated, though he could talk all
the tongues of Babel.

HE WILL GIVE YOU REST.—Are you trav-
elling with sorrow? Are you heavy-laden
with the burden of oppression or woe?—
Christ will give you rest. Doubtless the
heavy-laden with the burden of sin are first
invited, but they exclude no other sufferers.
There is no exception of age, or rank, or clime,
the extent of travail, or the weight of the bur-
den; the childish sorrows of the weeping
schoolboy are as much the subject of the Sa-
vior's sympathy as the matured wretched-
ness of the aged man; all come within the
Savior's invitation.—*H. Blunt.*

No sin is great but the satisfaction of
Christ and his mercies are greater; it is be-
yond comparison. Fathers and mothers,
in tenderest affections, are but beams and
trains to lead us upward to the infinite mer-
cy of God in Christ.

Discontent.

How universal it is. We never knew the
man who would say "I am contented" Go
where you will, among the rich or the poor,
the man of competence or the man who earns
his bread by the daily sweat of his brow, you
hear the sound of murmuring and the voice
of complaint. The other day we stood by a
cooper, who was playing a merry tune with
an adze round a cask. "Ah," sighed he,
'mine is a hard lot—forever trotting round
like a dog, driving at a hoop.'

"Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith, one of the
hot days, as he wiped away the drops of per-
spiration from his brow, while the red hot
iron glowed upon his anvil, "this is life with
a vengeance—melting and frying one's self
over the fire."

"Oh, that I were a carpenter!" ejaculated
a shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone.
"Here I am, day after day, working my soul
away in making soles for others, cooped up
in a seven by nine room."

"I am sick of this out-door work," exclaims
the carpenter, "boiling and sweltering un-
der the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of
the weather. If I was only a tailor!"

"This is too bad," perpetually cries the tail-
or, "to be compelled to sit perched up here
plying the needle all the while—would that
mine was a more active life."

"Last day of grace; the banks won't dis-
count; customers won't pay; what shall I do?"
grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a
truck horse, a dog—any thing."

"Happy fellow," grins the lawyer, as he
scratches his head over some perplexing case,
or pores over some dry record; "happy fel-
low! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel
my brain on this tedious, vexatious question."

And through all the ramifications of so-
ciety, all are complaining of their condition
—finding fault with their particular calling.
"If I were only this, or that, or the other, I
should be content, anything but what I am,"
is the universal cry. So wags the world, so
it has wagg'd, and so it will wag.

Brain and Thought.

RICHMOND mentions the case of a woman
whose brain was exposed in consequence of
the removal of a considerable portion of its
bony covering by disease. He says he re-
peatedly made pressure on the brain, and
each time suspended all feelings and all in-
tellect, which were instantly restored when
the pressure was withdrawn. The same
writer also relates another case, that of a
man who had been trepanned, and who per-
ceived his intellectual faculties failing, and
his existence drawing to a close, every time
the effused blood collected upon the brain so
as to produce pressure.

Professor Chapman, of Philadelphia, men-
tions, in his lectures, that he saw an individ-
ual with his skull perforated, and the brain
exposed, who was accustomed to submit
himself to the same experiment of pressure
as the above, and who was exhibited by the
late Professor West to his class. His in-
tellectual and moral faculties disappeared on
the application of pressure to the brain; they
were held under the thumb, as it were, and
restored to pleasure to their full activity by
discontinuing the pressure. But the most
extraordinary case of the kind within my
knowledge, and one peculiarly interesting
to the physiologist and metaphysician, is
related by Sir Astley Cooper in his surgical
lectures.

A man by the name of Jones, received an
injury on his head while on board a vessel
in the Mediterranean, which rendered him
insensible. The vessel soon after this made
Gibraltar, where Jones was placed in the
Hospital, and remained there several months
in the same insensible state. He was then
carried on board the Dolphin frigate to
Deptford, and from thence was sent to St.
Thomas Hospital, London. He lay con-
stantly upon his back, and breathed with
difficulty. His pulse was regular, and each
time it beat he moved his fingers. When
hungry or thirsty he moved his lips and
tongue. Mr. Clynne, the surgeon, found a
portion of the skull depressed, trepanned
him, and removed the depressed portion.—
Immediately after this operation the motion
of the fingers ceased, and at four o'clock
in the afternoon, the operation having been
performed at one, he sat up in bed; sensa-
tion and volition returned; and in four days
he got out of bed and conversed. The last
thing he remembered was the circumstance
of taking a prize in the Mediterranean.—
From the moment of the accident, thirteen
months and a few days, oblivion had come
over him, and all recollections ceased. He
had for more than one year drank of the cup
of Lethe, and lived wholly unconscious of ex-
istence, yet upon removing a small portion
of bone which pressed upon the brain, he
was restored to the full possession of the pow-
ers of his mind and body.—*Dr. Brigham.*

Hiccups.—Open your mouth as wide as
you can and raise both hands as high above
your head as you can, and thus remain two
minutes and the cure is certain and effectual.
There is great philosophy in this cure.

A HINDOO law says, "strike not thy wife
even with a blossom, though she be guilty
of a thousand faults."

Business-men & Mechanics.

The Credit System.

"Owe no man anything," was the injunc-
tion of a Christian Apostle, whose lessons
were seldom if ever unworthy of attention.
If we were to express the sentiment, we should
prefer the motto of John Randolph, "pay as
you go." The politician compassed the idea
better than the Apostle. Owe men we must,
in all the courtesies and kindnesses which
belong to and grace humanity; it is a debt
collateral with our being—an obligation of
our nature; therefore the Apostle was not de-
finite enough; but Randolph hit the mark
when he confined his maxim to debts pecuni-
ary, which men, under the present order of
things, are liable to incur. He touched with
a true and noble philosophy one of the com-
monest and greatest of society evils.

We take it for granted that, as a general
rule, debts pecuniary are contracted to be paid,
sooner or later. As a general rule their bur-
den is least the sooner they are paid. Inter-
est, usury, dependence, lawsuits, and costs of
all kinds, that hang over standing and litiga-
ted debts add, if we could but get at their
total for a single year in this country, mil-
lions of dollars to the original obligations.
Friendships are broken over debts; forgeries
and murders are committed on their account;
and however considered, they are a source of
cost, annoyance and evil—and that continu-
ally. They break in everywhere upon the
harmonies of individuals and society; they
blunt sensitiveness to personal indepen-
dence; and, in no respect that we can
fathom, do they advance the general well-
being.

"Well, as debts are incurred to be paid,
and as the saving all lies on the side of the
earliest payment, why not manage to pay as
we go, and thus avoid all debts, duns, broken
friendships, writs, constables, sheriffs, and
court costs? We buy this or that, of A, B
or C, and we propose to pay him in a week,
a month, three months, and so on, the com-
mon rule of credit not running beyond six
months—for which credit we have to pay
advance prices and interest—why not, even
at some brave sacrifice, contrive to get so far
the start of custom as to pass by this per-
petual credit system, and from that point, be-
ginning with the world anew and even, keep
even by paying as we go. It would be in-
finitely cheaper, better, and more independent
for us all. If we can ever pay, why not at
once—now! Will it be easier when inter-
est is added to principal?

The rich have no excuse for not paying as
they go, though, to their shame be it said,
they are oftenest the ones to decree misery
and ruin by the credit they use—or rather
abuse—in their business intercourse with the
world. They, by withholding the honest
dues of the laborer, the mechanic, the mer-
chant and the professional man, all poor com-
munities become a tangled net, whose threads
of affliction are standing accounts, notes,
bonds and mortgages, suits at law, judgments,
and executions. If those who are eminently
able to pay as they go, were to be just and pay
thus, the credit system which now makes
one-half of society dependents and slaves,
would be mainly swept away. The middle
man and the poor man are driven to the wall
by the system; they can be pushed and pur-
sued under obligation with impunity; but
your man of means, your rich man, who
dares to remind him of a debt—he "will
pay when he gets ready."

No one who observes and reflects on this
subject, can deny the truth of the picture we
have drawn. The evils of the credit system,
which now pervades every department of
business and all the trade intercourse of so-
ciety, are great and overwhelming. The poor-
er classes most especially feel them so. The
mechanic, the laborer, and the tradesman,
with little or no capital—as is generally the
case—how can they succeed in enterprise, or
in living, even, if they are not paid as they
go? If they are paid, they too can pay.
The reform, therefore, must begin, not like
most others, at the bottom of the scale, but
at the top—with the rich. Let them incur
no debts to those whom they employ, or with
whom they trade, and all classes below them
in means can be free of debt. Debts are
curses, and among the greatest under which
nations suffer.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

The Hammer.

The hammer is the universal emblem of
mechanics. With it are alike forged the
sword of contention, and the plough-share of
peaceful agriculture, the press of the free,
and the shackle of the slave. The eloquence
of the forum has removed the armies of
Greece and Rome to a thousand battle-fields,
but the eloquence of the hammer has covered
those fields with victory or defeat. The
inspiration of song has kindled up high hopes
and noble aspirations in the bosom of brave
knights and dames, but the inspiration of the
hammer has drawn the field with tattered
helm and shield, decided not only the fate of
chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones,
crowns and kingdoms. The forging of thun-
der bolts was ascribed by the Greeks as the
highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their
mythology beautiful ascribes of one of their
gods the task of presiding at the labors of

the forge. In ancient warfare, the hammer
was a powerful weapon, independent of the
blade which it formed. Many a stout skull
was broken through the cap and helm by a
blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of
the Crescent would have subdued Europe of
the way of Mohammed, but on the plains of
France their progress was arrested, and the
brave and simple warrior who saved Christ-
endom from the sway of the Musselman was
named Martel—"the hammer." How sim-
ple, how appropriate, how grand—"the ham-
mer." The hammer is the savior and bul-
wark of Christendom. The hammer is the
wealth of nations. By it are forged the pon-
derous engine and the tiny needle. It is an
instrument of the savage and the civilized.—
Its merry clink points out the abode of in-
dustry—it is a domestic ditty, presiding
over the grandeur of the most wealthy and
ambitious, as well as the humble and improv-
erished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house
is raised, a ship floats, or a carriage rolls, a
wheel spins, an engine moves, a press speaks
a voil sings, a spade delves or a flag wags
without a hammer. Without the hammer
civilization would be unknown, and the hu-
man species only as defenceless brutes, but in
skilful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an
instrument of power of greatness, and true
glory.

Learning a Trade.

It is a lamentable fact that too many pa-
rents consider the learning of a mechanical
trade a disgrace, and labor ignoble—worthy
only of a slave, and send out their sons into
the world an encumbrance rather than use-
ful members of society. People too often
judge men by their outside appearance, seem-
ing to forget that it is the heart that consti-
tutes the gentleman, and that the raiment a
man wears is no more a test of gentility than
the beard that he wears upon his face. Labor
and gentility are not antagonists; and the
connection between them in their true mean-
ing is so close, that they are almost insepar-
able. We do not pretend to say that every
man who labors is a gentleman, but labor is
necessary to develop the good traits of the
heart, and prevent idleness from planting the
weed of dissipation, which are so ruinous to
the young. All great men are hard workers;
and in no other way could they have attain-
ed the position they hold. The most dispen-
sable calling may be made honorable by the
honor of its professors; nor will any trade
degrade the man that is intrinsically pure. It
is the heart, the mind, the intention carried
into the work that ennobles or degrades him
who is engaged in it.

Let not parents who almost compel their
sons to spend their time in idleness and con-
sequent debauchery and dissipation, or who
teach their sons to believe that labor degrades
them, and that the knowledge of a mechanical
trade is a stain on character, ever complain of
disappointed hopes in their children. The
destiny of the child is, to some extent in the
hands of the parent, and depends greatly up-
on the principles inculcated by them. How
many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast
is now creeping and crawling his way through
the world, who might have held up his head
and looked the world in the face with an un-
blanching eye, if his parents had given him
a trade, and taught him that—

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Mechanics are often sneered at by a cer-
tain class of pop-gun gentry, because they
fear not to acknowledge that he is acquainted
with a mechanical trade. The man who does
this is no honor to the race of humani-
ty; a mere popinjay whose mind has been
taken complete possession of by the weeds of
idleness. He has never contributed a single
mite to benefit humanity, or done a single
deed for the good of his fellow man. The
world in him is burdened with an existence
that is a curse to it. Then learn your sons
a trade and prepare them to battle with the
storms that they must meet ere they have
sailed far upon the voyage of life. Then they
can smile at the storm of adversity that may
gather over them in future life, knowing that
they have the power within themselves to
meet and conquer it.—*Madison Visitor.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MECHANICS.—Young
Mechanics, who would prosper in business,
have only two rules to live up to, to insure
success. First, do your work as your custo-
mer wishes to have it done. The other rule
is to do it by the time you promised to have
it done. These two rules complied with,
and there is not much danger, if any, of a
failure.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—"Whatever we can
do good in this world with our affections or
our faculties, rise to the eternal world above
us, as a song of praise from Humanity to
God. Amid the thousand, thousand tones
ever joining to swell the only music of that
song, are those which sound loudest and
grandest here, the tones which travel sweet-
est and purest up to the Imperishable Throne,
which mingle in the perfectest harmony with
the anthem of the angel choir! A solemn
and awful question! Let your own heart
answer it; and then say, may not the obscure-
st life be dignified by a fasting aspiration,
and dedicated to a noble aim?"